CORONATION.

Oscar II. Crowned King of Sweden as Well as of the Goths and the Vandals.

GUSTAVUS VASA AND BERNADOTTE.

The Washington of Sweden and His Traditions.

THE CORONATION DAY.

RAIN AND STORM AND MIST.

A Hundred Thousand People in the Streets.

The Processions of the King and Queen.

The Silver Chair and Its Associations.

The Annointing with Sacred Oil.

THE CORONATION.

The Act of Homage and the Cath to the King.

THE RETURN TO THE PALACE.

Students Singing National Hymns in the Rain.

"Now is Oscar the Second Crowned as King of Sweden, of the Goths and the Vandals-He and No Other."

STOCKHOLM, May 12, 1873. The cold rain comes down in an incessant, pitiless torrent, and our poor "Venice of the North" looks draggied and limp and sad on this, the day when her King is to be crowned. A ripple of sunshine through the gray clouds vesterday made us hope for royal weather. But the hope vanished in the mists, and looking out upon the Palace square this morning we think with Richard, on the memorable morning of his fate-

The sun will not be seen to-day!
The sky doth frown and lower upon our pomp.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground. Truly there could not be a more dismal day for a nation's festival. There stands the Prince's Palace, where the King still resides, uncomfortable, coid, perspiring-the cloaked sentryman dily pacing his beat in front of its gates. Now and then an anxious face-some Court darling, no doubt, concerned about his finery-appears at an upper window, seeking brightness in skies. Far off sweeps the waters of beautiful Malar Lake, the green, wooded hills invisible in the mist and rain. Over the bridge, beyond the preposterous statue of Gustavus Adolphus-horse I rider in an oozing, watery plight-rises the palace of the kings, a vast building of brick and granite and sandstone, and two collossal angry lions n front, who seem eventually to have genuine cause for anger. But the city takes its visitation with meekness, and as we stroll along the streets, away roof-currents of untidy rain, bits of decoration become manifest. We see the flag of Sweden from many windows, exceedingly damp; flags of Nor way, that would be none the worse for a patent clothes wringing machine more frequently; drenched banners, emblazor ned with patriotic three crowns as an escutcheon. The "three crowns" represent what we are to understand as the highest aspiration of the Scandinavian heart-the hope that Sweden and Denmark and Norway may one day be a Scandinavian Confederation strong enouga to wrest Finland from Russia and Danish Schleswig from the German Kaiser.

THE COBONATION ANNIVERSARY—GUSTAVUS VASA AND HIS PLACE IN HISTORY. There were two reasons for the selection of this 12th of May as the day of the King's coronation. May is generally a charming month in Sweden long Winter suddenly breaks; the days lengthen until you have scarcely any night; the birds sing for joy, and the twilight lingers hazily in towards midnight, when you may saunter under the smooth waters of Malar Lake, with music and song and woman's laughing voice. This burst of more temperate and deliberate zones, has its effect on character and society, and May, theremarriage, of growth and vegetation. Moreover, this 12th of May is the anniversary of the birth Vasa. And as you probably have forgotten the main incidents in this distinguished gentleman's career I will say that his statue now stands crowned in laurel in front of the Legislative Pa lace; that his sword is in yonder museum, an object of much respect and veneration, and that his body now rests with God in Upsala Cathedral, covered with marble, near the relics of the good St. Eric, who embraced the cross more than a thousand years ago and brought the peace of Christ to this wild, pagan land. Furthermore, and as the reason for the great honor done to Gustavus Vasa, let him be remembered as the liberator of Sweden-a character much resembling our own Washington and heroes of his class. Many legends have encrusted his memory, and Gustavus Vasa is as impossible a man, as men go, as the current Washington of American history or the laurel-laden statue in front of the Riddarhus, where the students are now singing patriotic songs in the pitiless, depressing rain. It was about the time that Columbus was discussing America and Spanish captains were roasting Aztec kings and dethroning Peruvian Incas, and when Indian chiefs anticipated the HERALD in the enjoyment of a large circulation on Manhattan Island, that Gustavus Vasa did his work and won great renown. The son of a private gentleman whose head was taken off by Christian II. for political considerations, Gustavus became exasperated and declared war against the unworthy Danish monarch who had made his country wretched and himself an orphan. What he precisely did your correspondent is afraid to say, information on that sub ject being of a romantic character and only be printed with reserve in a journal as accurate as the HERALD. But he had many wanderings and hair-breadth escapes, and the Danish minions sought in vain for his head, that it might be added to the collection which already included the head of his father. They will show you a barn near Lake Runn, where in peasant dress he threshed straw, and a building, now kept in repair by the State, where he was saved by a noble woman (Barbara-part of her name-the other part le) from the treachery of her husband, who meant to add to his income and make of power" to the kaisers. So the dream betackteping expenses easier by seiling Vasa's vanished, and the disappointed King took to paint-

the wooded shores in which he hid from pursuit another barn, where he threshed the corn for trusty farmer sven Elason, who found him out, but would never betray him all the same, and in which nonest Sven's descendants thresh corn to this very day. You may also see a monument not once in extremity of peril, and that another noble lar and covered the trap with an ale tub, and so prevaricated on the subject that the pursuing with a hatchet or shot an apple from the head of mind in all these peninsulas and archipelagoes who does not believe he could have performed either reat. But his labors came to a just end. He overthrew the tyrannous Dane and was chosen King and reigned with renown, and his children and children's children reigned after him, until Waterloo times and thereabouts, when a new race cam to the throne. And this being the day on wh Vasa was born into the world, a Prin House of Bernadotte elects that upon this day he will accept the crown. So you have the tw reasons for this being Coronation Day—the May season and the patriot anniversary. But, if only he sun would shine!

"If only the sun would shine!" thinks all Stock-holm; and yet its 140,000 people and thousands who come as its guests mean to honor the day and dis,-dain the rain. One notes in the quiet, land-locked harbor, their masts in the shadow of the palace, feet of ships and boats, dressed in flags-from nations, the heart-moving banner of far America among the number, Stripes and Stars in a soaked Booted men with spurs, their feathers and braid just peeping out of blue cloaks make their appearance. Carriages—the heavy lumbering car-riage of Sweden—tumble along over the bridge to the palace, and through the window pane we see some Now and then comes a chariot the windows of which are smothered with a cloud of lace and silks, and white ruffled garments that might be petticoats; and you know that, hidden under that mass of thread and bullion and linery some noble lady lies burled and in an unseem manner nolds aloft her train. Squads of soldier; are marching from nowhere to nowhere, as the always do on these oscasions, with no definite purpose but to march. Along the open spaces, in the arches of the bridges, in the windows of the strange, high, conical-roofed houses, crowds as-semble—the rain pouring, pouring, pouring, but no abatement of interest, no shrinking from th showers, but thousands of people, resolute to see the King and Queen in all their glory and the

THE PROGRAMME. It is set down that the ceremony shall be in the "Great Church;" that the royal party shall leave the palace at eleven precisely; that there shall be the Queen, and that they shall walk on foot from the palace to the church. To make the path easy i has been laid down in the middle of the street This pathway is covered with cloth. The distance as from Trinity church to the HERALD office, with many turns in and out, in zigzag shape.

The man who is to be crowned to-day King of Sweden, "as well as of the Goths and the Vandals," and the woman, his wife, who is to be crowned Oueen, are Oscar Frederick Bernadotte and Sophia, a princess of Nassau. He is a young forty-four years of age. His wife is seven years His brother was the late King, and left ne child, but one daugher, who is Crown Princes of Denmark. He is grandson of the famous Berna dotte, Napoleon's Marshal, and great-grandson of Bernadotte who lived an humble tradesman's life in Pau, under the shadow of the castle of Henry of This famous Bernadotte, the grand tather, was a red republican, and left his home to make war upon the coalition of tyrants against whom Danton was thundering. He join French ranks with a musket and chanted the "Marseillaise." like the rest of them, and probably had no shoes and very little to eat. Bu as this was an army in which every soldier was said to carry a field marshal's baton in his knapsack, and as in time it came to be commanded by one Napoleon Bonaparte, Bernadotte attained made a prince, republican as he was. But he did not continue well with Napoleon. Some say the great Emperor was unjust to him and meanly de prived him of his giory. At Wagram he displeased the Emperor so much that he was censured by name in a general order of the day. It happene that a body of Swedish prisoners came into his kindness spread through Sweden, and as the king then on the throne had no heir, why, who should be his heir but Bernadotte ? He was a princ and a famous man of war. Napoleon furiousl opposed his accepting the dignity; but he accepte it, was elected Crown Prince, and became commander of the Swedish armies. When the coali tion against Napoleon was made he joined it, assur-ance being given that he could retain his crown in spite of his father's calling and be "Sire, my bro to heaven-anointed Georges and Alexan ders. In the overthrow of his old chief he bore an important part, and in 1818, when Napoleon was bitter life away at St. Helena and quar relling with his keeper about his wine, his title and green cloth for his coats, Bernadotte ascended the throne of Gustavus Adolphus as Charles XIV., and was acknowledged "Sire, my brother," by the crowned heads of the Holy Alliance.

THE LATE KING AND HIS MISSION. Remadette was in his fifty-fifth year when he at tained this supreme, sublime feculty, and his republican head was "round impaled with a glori ons crown." He reigned many years, and died a very old man, even fourscore. He was a good, sen de king. So likewise his son, who, oddly enough married the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, son of Josephine and the adopted son of Napoleon. This lady still lives and is called Queen Dowager, and was first cousin to the late Emperor of the French. God's own beautiful and sweet justice-showed two thrones occupied by lineal descendants of the dithe line of the abandoned Beauharnais. This son Osear-his royal name Oscar I .- died in 1839, and his son succeeded as Charles XV. Charles was very French-fond of painting and coins and specimen of firearms, and chinaware and wine and women, with a black, swartby, eager face-some traces the Creole blood which his grandmother Josephine brought from the West Indies. I remember him well, as I used to see him, two Summers since, in his beautiful Summer palace of Drottninghoim, just beyond the town, on beautiful Zöfen, one of the He was a restless, unhappy soul, and wrote poems and painted landscapes. He came to this prosy theme with a "mission." He would unite these three kingdoms; he would make a great Scandinavia; the three crowns would be one crown; he would recall the glory o Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus, and be a king worthy of the seat of Odin and of the golden when the "Norweyan banners floated skies of Scotland and fanned the people cold." He would be a king whose voice wor in Europe, and assist Napoleon and the other kaisers in the business of peace and war. So he took to drilling and military exercises, his brain much inflamed with the "career" that would come to him worthily as the grandson of the flery Berns-dotte. But the dream was only a dream. The three crowns" all told could not embody eight million of men, no matter what stress he put t Scandinavian resources. Scandinavia would be no more than Belgium or Holland. So the repre could not grow. The honest Swedes preferred to

ing and poems and making collections, and, it is said, an unholy life in moral matters. The candle ned at both ends, the wax even melting in the middle, and he died auddenly, exhausted nature giving his body up in despair. He was a pleasant king—hearty in his ways, easily reached and much

Well, the life of the fondly-dreaming Charles went out in a flash, his queen going a little before him and his impatient, much-aspiring soul now rests with God, we trust, for his body is in old Riddar holms chapel on the island, just beyond the church to which we now go to see his brother crowned necessary, so it seemed, to show who the man is ne represents in the universe, the crowd has grown denser and denser. The carriages, laden with the diplomatists and special ambassadors, have lumbered past; court wagons drawn by six horses, and such visions of human spiender, to be seen through the windows. An Austrian attaché, especially, in the following of Metternich, whose radiance in the way of feathers and lace, and gems and furs, and tightly fitting scarlet breeches, is altogether a ravishing spec-tacle and a blessing to the thousands of eyes who look eagerly on in the rain. These precious, splendid beings all gone, we note that five members of both chambers of the Diet have passed mainly in press and crowd-cloaked, furred, heavily resolute to see in spite of the shower. passengers at the very palace gates and puff mer-rily away for more. If only the sun would shine! But drip, drip, drip, and the stern, unrele skies seem to bend closer, more angrily down, an a scalding whirt, and the garments of the po diery splatter us with rain as they form in line and to pass on the sacred errand. THE PROCESSION OF THE KING.

large city having a voice, and speaking merrily in the thick, misty air. And what a comfort we find the clanging chorus amid so many discomforts, and our spirits seem to rise with their tumbling and rollings and tintinabulation. And now com that moment of expectancy, as the minutes verge upon the nour, the hour of eleven, when Solomon statue of Gustavus III., looking up towards the palace. Gustavus holds a civil wreath in his bronze ands, as if he would also do honor to his succes But I marvel if King Oscar will pause for his walls as King was one night cruelly murdered in the opera house over the way, which bears his sing, and he is scarcely a man to bless a king or a coronation journey. Eleven comes, and almos at the strike the procession leaves the palace door, unfolding itself down the long descending stairs and through the green garden and so to the street in number, as we calculate, about four hundred It comes towards us in slow, stately fashion-no hurrying the least for the rain-and in due order. two heralds of the household, in marve ment, preceding the Grand Marshal and staff, who ple in quantity, marching two by two, and two other heralds, who excite genuine admiration as aged gentlemen in plain dress, who are delegates from the Diet-special committees of Congress walking in threes, and two more heralds, ga stalking behind—kind of chorus to the procession. Then—the gentlemen rising higher in dignity—we have solemn Attorney Generals and Su-preme Judges and Cabinet Ministers, in manner much as such individuals appear in Washington; every now and then a spr of heralds, to give color to the grouping. On they all interest rises, as we see the royal mantle borne by a lieutenant general and baron, Wrede, a distinguished Swede, who seems duly sensible of the honor that has fallen to him. A chamberlain assists him, it being of great importance that the imperial robe should not trail in the mud. After comes solemn Councillor Waeru, Secretary of the Treasury, who holds the key; Secretary Bugstlen having the orb of royalty; Secretary Weide (if you can print his name), carrying the sword that it is sheathed, and later note, on the wa home, and after the coronation, that it will not be Foreign Secretary, Excellency and General Biornstjörna, who bears the sceptre, followed by

proudly clasping the crown. And now comes a group of guards, sabred and spurred, and eight distinguished Swedes carrying canopy, eight army colonels supporting t Prime Minister splashing at the side, and under the canopy, secure from the rain, slowly walk Oscar II., King of this land. His Majesty wears the mantle of a prince of the royal house-on his head stature, with a compact, serious, sincere face, a swarthy beard tinged with gray, and heavy black years; manly eyes, in one of which you note the slightest possible imperfection; a good face-von via in any line of the countenance, but French in every motion and sign and bodily token—French of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean. As he passes, off go our hats, and we cheer, and he bows in gracious fashion. Behind walk his sons, four boys, the eldest fifteen, the youngest not above honey and bread and being sent to bed without his supper. The eldest, a spry, promising lad, is in a military uniform, the others in plain clothes, like any tradesman's lads the Seraphim, Sweden's highest order of chivalry, and its cross only given to the select beings of th earth. A major general named Sandels carries the Order of the Sword, the Order of the North Star. nanders of the Order of St. Olaf of Norway These chivalrous souls splash along in irregula fashion and end the King's procession.

THE PROCESSION OF THE OUEEN It was intended that the Queen should follow in like manner on foot; but Her Majesty accepted cirumstances, and, not being above the value of good appearance in the way of velvet when she we could see was a mass of rolled up finery and the suspicion of a bright, womanly face peering the moon or a shining star struggling sehind a bank of fleecy clouds. There were page and heralds and chamberlains in due far Court dignitaries carried her mantle, globe, sceptre and crown. Her Majesty, wearing the coronet an mantle of Princess Royal, was supported by noble adies of noble houses, more especially ladie whose husbands were members of the most distin. guished Order of the Scraphim.

THE ROUTE TO THE CHURCH. The select throng rolls on-every roof and win frieze, buttress and coigne of vantage, covered with men and wemen, a multitude, as we hastily guess, a hundred thousand pass the high obelisk erected by Gustavus IV .- th colish ending of a noble line-to celebrate the astrous Russian wars. Still further, through a narrower way, to the open square in front of the Bourse or Merchants' Exchange. The Bourse looks as if it had been chipped off the New York Custom House building; but it is to-day covered with flags and insignia, and in front is a temporary wooden scaffolding, highly painted, in preparation for the great city ball of Thursday evening. Through the open square, the high buildings dark with eager shoutish ground. For it was here, in this very square, that, more than three centuries since, the Danish King, under circumstances of unusual per-fidy, caused the heads of nearly a hundred noblefidy, caused the heads of nearly a hundred noble-men and gentlemen of Sweden to be taken off by the headsman. So it was called the "Blood Bath,"

and this is its name to-day. If you ret among the unhappy gentlemen who passed the axe was Eric Vasa, a Senator, and fa Gustavus Vasa, you will understand some of the remoter conrequences of that cruel deed. But we cannot dwell upon these memories; for as we turn from the square into a narrow, stony, ascending street, we stand at the door of the church where the kings of Sweden have for centuries been

The famous church Storkyran, or the "Great Church" as the people call it, or the Church of St. Saxon who became Pope to the scandal of pureblooded, high-stepping Austrian-Norman races so iong, iong ago, is the scene of the coronation. It is a Lutheran church, and the services to-day are according to the Lutheran ritual. A clumsy building, lacking piety and expression, and comes rudely upon the mind after the noble piles in Seville and Burgos, where you see what Goethe calls the frozen music of architecture. So despairing to describe waylarer's companion that comes to hand cken, and the tower groups admirably with the palace. The view from this tower is elaborately carved in ebony, and ornamented with gold, silver and ivory, and represents the birth, pas-sion and resurrection of Jesus Christ. In the library are many precious works taken from a convent of Jesuits, &c." One value of this de like guidebook descriptions generally, it gives you no idea of the building whatever. As we enter we see that every corner is filled. On the right and the left, and in the rear, are temporary galleries covered with blue coarse cloth, dotted with gilt crowns. Under the altar is a wooden dais idden under rich Persian carpet. On this dais which is about two feet above the floor is an fronts the altar and we have a good view of the back. On one side, nearest the altar, the Upper House or Senate are gathered. The grave and reverend Seigniors are an unusually fine body of men. They are chattering, taking snuff and craning over the balcony to see who comes and watch the gaudy uniforms as iuriously as the rest of us. Behind them, elevated higher, are benches where the wives and female associates of the members of the Upper House sit. Another gallery is crowded very noisy and discuss the military gentlemen and foreigners as they come, so loudly that the Assem-

bly enjoys the debate THE AMBASSADORS. A smaller and more select gallery is filled with the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and the special ambassadors who are here to do honor to the new King. The English Minister has a striking, at a second time when you learn that he is the grandson of England's famous Erskine. Next him, in sober evening dress, with a firm, pleasant, dark-hearded face, is the modest and acc American Minister, General C. C. Andrews, of Minhis country's fame in Sweden. General Andrews looks so much like the new King, that it were to go toddling up the steps and crown him by mistake. That gorgeous person, girdling his throat, his breast ribboned and starred, and a pale, fine, feeble Austrian counteto-day represents the Empire of Austria. Next him, his collar of fur concealing many of the emblems of his glory, but adding firmness and a rugged quality to the heavy Russian face, is General Liewn, the Ambassador of the Czar, and who. if he spoke his mind, would probably say that Sweden will be the most unnecessary country in Europe until it follows Swedish Finland and befamed Menabrea. I wonder if he has been forgotten by the constant reader. I am afraid so, but he is worthy of better courtesy, as at one time Prime Minister to Victor Emmanuel and head of the Italian government. A strong, expressive face, with active, flashing eyes, wavering like flames or sunshine on the sea. That positive, indifferent, sandy person is Coun-Moltke-not the famous Moltke, who seems to have made laws for the art of war as inexorable and unerring as the laws of fate, but another of Denmark-considerable enough in that inconsider ish King. But, speaking of war, look well at that calm, keen tace, tinged with gray; the sea ered beard, scarcely covering the thin lips and rigid chin; the peaked nose and intense blue eye, over which head, thatched with thinning gray-brown hairs; look well at him as he sits with scarcely clasped hands, quietly watching the gathers his general's collar at the throat, and the plain iron cross far down on his closely buttoned in the recent contest with France in Lieutenant General Blumenthal, Chief of Staff to the Crown Prince of Prussia, special Ambassador from the Kaiser of Deutschland and famous because of his deeds in the campaigns of Sadowa and Sedan. At his side -as an odd contrast, not without meaningis General Barail, French Ambassador, a notable general of cavalry, whom Blumenthal contributed

present now, as we observe how polite they are. and the deep, demure, deferential interest they But while we have been peering so curiously into this interesting and distinguished group the crowd has grown denser. Bench rises upon bench, crammed with bearded men, nobles and officers, and the fair ladies of Sweden. We do not observe much color in the mass—mainly trimmings of purple and blue, and now and then outcroppings of violet; but the faces are fair and bright and soft; azure that we have so sadly missed to-day, and here and there a speaking face that calls up memories of other days—the village church, the stream, the long, long snaded lanes—so American is its type, that a sober person like your historian the rest of the ceremony, caring little for crowns or sacred oil. But the organ peal bursts out, and s train of the Lutheran prelates and clergy slowly trail down the aisle and stop at the door. The King has come and stands waiting. The voice of the bishops arises in the soft Swedish tongue that sounds like a lisping, imperfect English. The words he says are these :- "Blessed is he wh comes in the name of the Lord."

THEIR MAJESTIES IN PRAYER. As this invocation arises clear and soft there is ustle, for we all stand up, knowing that the King has come at last, and that thus we do him honor. So we all stand expectant and curious, and the King slowly moves up the aisie, bowing slightly to the right and left. Just before he reaches the altar here are two permanent gilded chairs, lined with bine velvet, on a dais of the same material, studded with gilded crowns. Over these chairs is an elaborate wood carving, also in gold-an angel in flight, holding a flaming imperial mantle and blowing a trumpet, the whole surmounted by a crown. These chairs are directly opposite. The King takes his seat, bowing first to the a who all return the courtesy, then to the Diet and Behind him is a group of Swedish generals. At nis right stands an officer holding the State banne banner of the Order of the Seraphim. As he seate himself a short prayer is read, and the process again marches to the door to receive the Queen. Another bishop meets Her Majesty, saying, as be tore, "Blessed is ne who comes in the name of the Lord." Her Majesty slowly walks up the aisle clad in magnificent purple robes, her train borne by three noble ladies of the kingdom. She ows to the right and left and seats hersel on the gilded chair in front of her husband There is a little delay to give the train a proper, graceful fold, and we all sit down and their Ma esties bend their knees on velvet cushions and engage in prayer.

We all sit down, and the crowd rustles itself into

place, and a bush falls upon every one, for Their Majesties are in prayer, and the Archbishop is trying to find the place in the Pasim Book, which we hope he has not actually lost, as well as another place in the Bible which he carefully marks. And the organ steals forth a soft, sweet, murmuring voluntary as a chorus to the royal devotions. Their prayers end, and the Archbishop, a sturdy, vigorous, middle-aged prelate, announces that we shall all sing a pealm, the twenty-fifth Psaim. And we all sing a pealm, the twenty-fifth Psaim. And we all sing a Apparently there is no choir, or at least its authority is not recognized, for the whole congregation sings, according to the Lutheran canous, with striking, hearty effect. This over, another prelate, the effect. This over, another prelate, Bishop of Wisteras, ascends the winding stairs informs us that he is about to preach. His text in the twenty-fifth Psaim and in these words:—
"Lord, show me Thy ways and teach me Thy steps.
Lead me in Thy truth and teach me; for Thou art the God of my help; daily I wait on Thee."

THE CHAIR OF SILVER. It was a half hour after noon when the Bishop began his discourse. Those of us who understood Swedish listened with earnest and edified look; while those whose language was limited to English and German and French, and less necessary and German and French, and less necessary tongues, patiently studied the multitude, especially the bank where sat the throng of ladies who had been presented at Court. The sermon lasted forty-five minutes, and, although some of the older Ambassadors—to whom the bench of beauty had diminished attractions—and a few of the Senators palpably nodded and dozed, the good Bishop had a most respectful hearing. When he concluded, with words of encouragement to His concluded, with words of encouragement to His Majesty in his solemn and holy office and prayers for the peace and giory of his reign, there was an other eager rustle in the crowd, who seemed to well and gladly performed, and not without its advantages. Music again, and the King arose from his seat and advanced to the silver chair, in front of the attar, whose back we have been tudying so carefully during the As he advances two chamberlains take the Prince's mantle, which he has worn since he left the palace, and lay it on the altar. They then remove the Prince's crown, which he has also it likewise on the altar. Then the Archbishop, assisted by General Wrede, lifted the King's mantle from the altar and kently placed it on his shoul-ders. As they did so His Majesty knelt on a cushion which had been placed before him, and in front of a praying-desk, on which lay a Bible. The Archop opened the Bible at the first chapter of Revelations, and as he did so the music ceased.

As the King knelt expectant the Minister of Justice advanced and read the royal oath. The King placed three fingers on the opened Bible page, and repeated the oath, word for word, as the Minister of Justice pronounced it to him.

This done the Archbishop again advanced. The King, with a slight effort, opened the folds of his shirt bosom. The Archbishop anointed him with oil, first on the forehead, then on the bare bosom, then on the temples and finally on the wrists. As

Almighty and eternal God instil His Holy Spirit nto your soul, and mind, and purpose and en terprise, through whose blessing you may so govern country and kingdom that your reign may redound to the praise and honor of God, strengthen right and justice and do good to the land and its

with manifest feeling, the King, with bent head, listened, his eye fixed on the opened Bible which ay before him. Then he arose and seated himself in the silver chair, fronting the altar. This famous throne of Sweden since the time of Christina, who was daughter of the renowned Gustavus Adol ife and conversation, she resigned her royal fune and the chair to her cousin, known to men as Charles X. Since his time all Swedish princes have mainder of the Vasa people, who ran out in time into worthlessness and decay, and the Bernadottes, all sitting in this chair, under this very roof, before this high altar, while thousands looked on as thousands are looking now, as thousands may glory, and the Queen Sophia. in her radiant splendor, and the blushing maids of honor and dames of of this cathedral with their electric light, and the men of valor and fame and illustrious station, who look on, envied of the world; yes, and the applaud ing thousands who hurry upon the bridges and high perching windows and narrow stony streets, in spite of the tormenting rain, all, all shall have van-ished—shadows following shadows—from this which seems to that which is.

THE CORONATION The King takes his seat in the historic silver chair, looking up to the altar, all eyes following him. Then the Archbishop and the Minister of Jus tice, holding the royal crown between them, lift is and Oscar Bernadotte, great grandson of Jo-sephine, who married the General Beauharnsis, and of Bernadotte, the honest Pau tradesman, sits so tually crowned King of Sweden and of the Geths and Vandals. A prayer was read by His Grace, and we all bowed our heads and said "Amen." the sceptre was taken from the altar and placed in the royal hands. Another prayer was read, and we bowed our heads and said read, and we bowed our heads and said "Amen." And in the same manner the orb, the sword, and other emblems of royalty were placed in his anointed bands. And in like manner the archbishops, after each separate bestowal of the kingly decorations and instruments, read a prayer, whereupon we all bowed our heads and said "Amen." When His Majesty had been thus decorated and anointed, and the kingly instrument duly bestowed, the Grand Marshal made a signal, and one of the gaudy heralds advanced to the steps of the throne, and cried in a loud voice :-

"Now is Oscar the Second crowned as King of Sweden, of the Goths and the Vandals. He, and

Upon which unquestionable publication the heralds again waved their staffs, the drums and trumpets sounded and we all shouted in loyal exultation, "Long live Oscar the Second," and the can non began to thunder on the granite quais, and the voices of the multitude could be heard outside in the merciless rain crying with an enthusiasm which would not dampen, "Long live Oscar the Second," and the orchestra broke forth into a harmony signifying that God had blessed this nation among nations in giving it so good a king. prayer to which we all bowed our heads and said "Amen." And the King was crowned, and, rising from the sliver chair, he descended from the throne and seated himself in the chair of blue and gold, where we all could see him in his glory, a heaven-anointed king, with a real crown on his head and a real sceptre in his hand, and a royal mantle falling over his limbs. Truly a king-thinking. I wonder what a gentle man would be apt to think under these unusua nstances, with serene, serious face, as one had been much in prayer for an hour or twonot by any means a bad idea of a king-but in manner and pose and expression calculated to satsfy the most exacting critic.

CORONATION OF THE OUREN. And there he sat, his face never changing its xpression, holding the royal instruments in his hand, steady enough to have had his photograph And Queen Sophia arose, her train sweeping after her in a manner so graceful that if I knew her milliner she should, in these hospitable and discriminating columns, have an immortal, world-wide fame. She knelt as her husband had knelt, and was anointed on her forehead and wrists and not upon her bosom. And so in man-ner and form, exactly as I have detailed in reference to the King, she was crowned queen, and an nother herald advanced and cried :-

"Note is Sophia crowned as queen of Swe the Goths and the Vandals—she and no other."

Queen Sophia !" and there were prayer, music and cannon firing and new shouts from the dripping crowd without, and Her Majesty—showing, we fau-cied, in her pleased, satisfied, kind face, that her-tender heart had felt "the aspiring fame of golden sovereignty"—descended from the silver throne and resumed her seat on the chair in gold and blue, immediately in front of her husband, who sas soberly gazing, his hands full of royal instruments and the crown upon his head.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE. all see it. And the King areae, still holding the in-struments and decorations, and resumed his seat. And there he sat in full view, no longer with the back turned and the Archbishop half the time in the way, so that we could not know what was done, but high, alone—his full majesty biasing upon us. Then his ministers and councillors aded, some standing on one side, some on the other. The prayer cushion was taken away, having served its purpose. The music ceased, and the
Grand Marshal advanced, and, standing in front of
the throne, raised his voice and cried:—
"Good gentlemen and men of both Chambers of
the Dies, make outh to the King!"

And the members arose. Then the Minister of Justice read the oath of allegiance; and as he read it, each member holding his right hand uplified and three fingers extended, repeated it after him. word for word. Thus they swore the oath, and sat

THE RETURN TO THE PAGAGE. It was now close upon three. The King slowig-arose, and we all arose with him, and we re-mained standing until he departed. Then the sprocession and marched on foot to the precisely as he had come. The Queen, who had ing all the time, with disastrous consequences, that cannot be dwelt upon, to the sweeping velves whole city continued to peal merrily and with comfort to us all. As the royal party company of lads from the city schools sung lish folk song. When it reached the garden, eight hundred in all, young men from the colleges and the universities—song loud and tunefully, and with notable effect, the Swedish national air; and King and Queen bowed smilingly for the courtesy ased into the palace, the people in the procession rather hurriedly splashing after. hour being something later than three, the multitude fell away for home and shelter, the rain still having its impetuous will, and the clouds gathering darker and darker over city and palaces and wooded hills and the waters of the be lake.

that Oscar Bernadotte and Sophia, his wife, were crowned King and Queen of Sweden, as well as of

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

AMONG THE RECENT BOOKS in foreign languages levoted to the history of the United States is M. Ferout de Froutpertuis' "Etats Unis de l'Amér-ique, Septentrionale, leur Origine, leur Emanci-

A LEABNED RUSSIAN, named Nardeschdin has published at St. Petersburg a treatise on "The Rights and the Position of Women in Ch

ished. It is entitled "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales, con-taining a record of all ranks of the gentry, their lineage, alliances, appointments, armorial ensigns,

THE FOREIGN QUESTION that is uppermost in England now is the Khiva expedition and Central Asia. Sir F. T. Goldsmid, who was long a British diplomatist in Persia," has published "Central Asia and Its Question," which contains in a few pages more knowledge respecting Bokhara, Persia and Afghanistan than could be gleaned from many ooks on those strange countries.

FELICITA VESTUALI has published at Munich, un-der the singular title of "Pallas Athene; Memoirs of an Artist;" her own biography. The book is in

EMILE OLLIVIER is in Florence, writing a history

BRUCE'S AMERICAN STUD BOOK, after years of patient toil devoted to its preparation by the somely bound, in two large octavo volumes, num from turf sports, which render such a work an dispensible necessity, there is a vast amount a wealth invested in horse stock in this country, growing in importance, and every day becoming more widespread. And as the thoroughbred is now the recognized type whence breeders of stock now the recognized type whence breeders of stock derive their finest models for the trotting turi, the family landau and carriage, the post chaise and the accordance with the estimated value of the pedi-gree attached to the animal. The science of breedng is therefore greatly indebted to correct genealogical information for the successful results it has chieved in the last quarter of a century. If there the problem of breeding every attempt to improve any particular breed might be one of error, and we would realize in truth how uncertain are the de-crees of chance; but with the facts—the treasures of ages of anxious thought and patient researchbefore us, we are not left dependent upon varying fortune; are not lost, bewildered in darkness, but are enabled to draw with a decrease. onclusions from established laws: to monid a rad at pleasure; to aim at a certain standard, and to await the result with comparative confidence. A stud book is essentially a work of genealogies, each pedigree recorded constituting a succinct history of an animal, and of the ancestry whence he or she is descended. The work before us, arranged after the manner of the English Stud Book, fulfils, in an will be regarded as the more valuable from the conciseness of the subject matter and the reliability of

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

Meeting of the Bench and Bar of New Jersey, and Resolutions of Condolence-Chase, Randolph and Vredenburg.

The Supreme Court is now in session at Trenten. meeting of the legal fraternity was held yesterday to give expression to their views on the character and services of the late Chief Justice Chase. Chief Justice Beasley presided. Attorney General Glichrist made a few appropriate remarks, after which a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions, consisting of the following gentlemen:—Attorney General Guehrist, ex-Governor Vroome, Abraham Browning, J. G. Shipman and H. C. Pitney. After the adjournment of the Court he Attorney General arose and read the following reamble and resolutions:—

the Attorney General arose and read the following preamble and resolutions:—

The Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, having departed this life during the last vacation, the members of the Senetario of the United States, having departed this memory and the most profound respect for his eminent ablitise, his experience and learning as a judge, his firmness, patriotism and love of liberty, as evinced in many trying situations in which the stirring events of the time placetic public and private, and the sale of the same placetic public and private, and the sale of the sal

meeting.

Resolutions of respect for the memory of the late
Joseph F. Randolph, formerly an Associate Justice
of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, and Hon.
Peter Vredenburg, were also read and laid before Mr. ABRAHAM BROWNING, in a brief, but eloquent

Mr. Cortland Parker delivered a lengthy Mr. Contraster three distinguished men, and logy on each of the three distinguished men, and was followed by Mr. Albert H. Slape. meeting then adjourned